

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



FRAMED—BUT NOT GLAZED, AND "FAIR" WITHOUT "VANITY": MISS GINA PALERME
IN A "BALACLAVA HELMET" EFFECT.

In this striking portrait, Miss Gina Palerme, the well-known variety and revue actress, is seen wearing a novel type of—well, not exactly a hat—known, we believe, as an "aeroplane." Certainly it suggests flights of fancy. The effect is

rather like that of a "Balaclava" helmet. Miss Gina Palerme, as everyone knows by this time, is in the cast of the new revue at the Palace, "Vanity Fair," the first performance of which is due in the current week.—[Camera-Portrait by Hugh Cecil].



THE CLARISSA CLUB.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WILL you be in Town on Nov. 4, 5, 6, and 7? I know it is "deuced difficult" getting leave these days—anyway, let's hope for the best. I want you to take me to the Clarissa Club, the quaintest club in London—a society of the sweetest girls you ever saw, who write plays and dance-poems, invent and cut their own costumes, paint the scenery, design the programmes, and make a tremendous success of it all. For the past years their show was given semi-privately in their Chelsea studio; but there were so many people begging to have a peep, and there was so little room, even with half the audience sitting on the floor and the second half sitting on the third half's lap, that this year it was decided to give the performances at Margaret Morris's Theatre, in Flood Street, King's Road, where you had better write now if you want tickets. "Helen of Troy" is the play. But all the girls are Helens in that they are perfectly enchanting. They dance bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, in wreaths and the darlinest little tunics that are supposed to be Greek, though I doubt if crêpe-de-Chine and Futurist flowers were Athenian fashions! The blank verses are beautiful—so are the ankles.

But if you can't get leave don't, I pray you, send me any more of these compromising wires: "Can't get away—curse the Colonel—shall desert soon." One must never be humorous in a telegram; I am sure it made the Post Office employee squint with suspicion. You don't want the War Office to think I am bad for you, is it not—that I "mount up" your head, as we say in French? Which does not imply any acrobatic feat—merely encouraging one to rebellion.

And, apropos of plays, I heard some welcome news lately. Do you know that we are going to have a permanent French Theatre here in London? They have sent me an interesting little booklet, which says (I am translating for you), "The Society, the French Players, has just been founded in view of organising French representations in London and in the principal cities of the United Kingdom. This new venture, we hope, will interest the public as much as it interests its promoters, and draw the bonds more and more tight of an Entente more and more Cordiale" (Hear, hear!). "The desire is to prepare the way to the French Theatre of after the War (the coming of which is certain), and just simply for the cause of art are the *raisons d'être*."

"Considering the great and disinterested work done by its predecessors—the Playgoers, the Stage Society, the Pioneer Players, the Independent Theatre—which has done so much for the English stage, drawing inspiration also from the admirable campaign (interrupted for the present) which before

the war the young 'Théâtre du Vieux Colombier,' under the direction of Mr. Jacques Copeau, was leading in Paris, the French Players propose to offer to the public works which their merit recommends, points to the future, and which often, alas! remains in the shade because lacking in obvious commercial qualities."

Then comes a list of the dramatic authors to be played, all of the best—though why Molière? However admirable, Molière won't amuse you—I suppose school-children had to be thought of too.

Regnard, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, Henry Monnier, Theodore de Banville, Prosper Merimée, Eugene Labiche, Erckmann-Chatrian, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Verlaine, Henri Becque, François de Curel, Octave Mirbeau, Anatole France, Charles van Lerberghe, Emile Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Courteline, Tristan Bernard, Jules Renard, Emile Fabre, Sacha Guitry—I've got a cramp in my pen, and yet I believe I passed some!

All gay authors, as you see. As for the artists, your favourites—Delysia, Gabrielle Dorziat, Régine Flory, Colette Dorigny, and oh, lots of others will be among the French Players! The performances will take place on Sundays only, in matinée, at 3.30, at the King's Hall, King Street, Covent Garden. The

first show will be on Nov. 12, and at each representation 200 seats or so will be at the disposal of *Soldats Alliés*. The whole thing is quite a good idea, don't you think? It will prevent you from forgetting the French you have picked up in billets (which is not quite the same French that gave you a headache and pensums at school!).

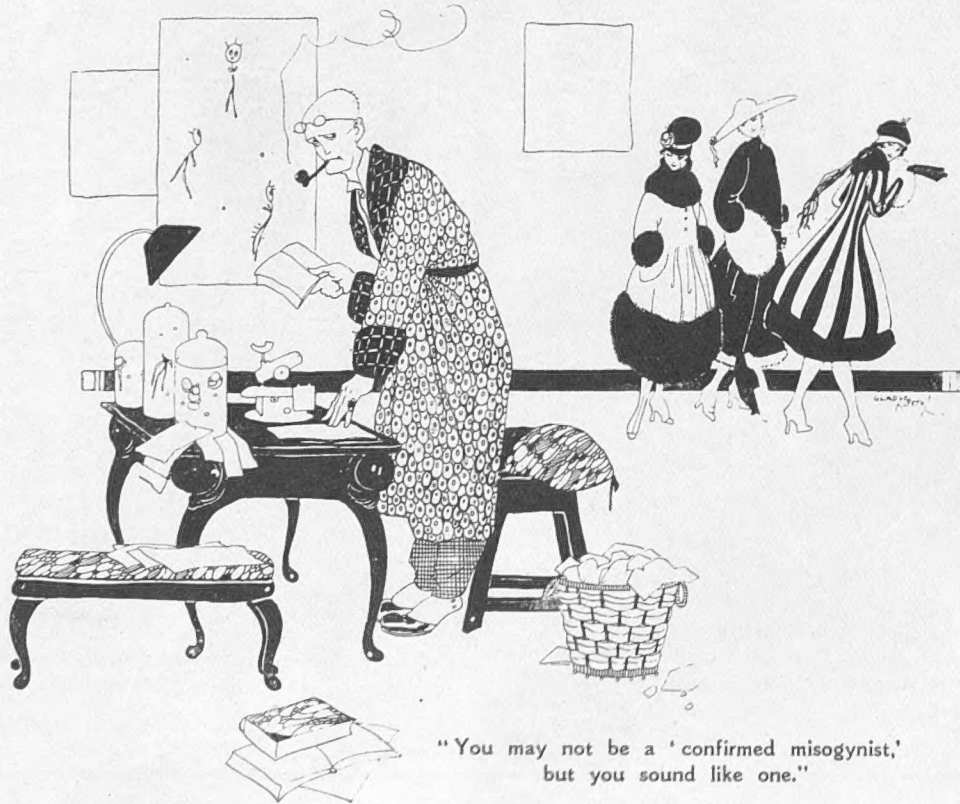
I notice that wedding-rings are worn thinner and thinner. You remember how broad and thick and strong and durable our mothers' wedding-rings were. Well, I wonder whether it is a symbol of the modern marriage—that invisible gold circle hidden under another more "important" ring with some big barbaric stone and setting?

More signs of the times. Women musicians are in great demand in orchestras; and last Tuesday, when I went to hear "Tristan and Isolde" at the Aldwych, either the opera-glasses were deceivers or some of the Warriors were women. Which would explain their evident and amusing gentleness in slashing nicely about with their cardboard swords, as if they were trying to tease butterflies without hurting them!

Once upon a time the gallant Knights wore the colours of their lady; now it is our turn to wear the colours of our Knights (sometimes spelt Knuts) on our hand-bags, knitted scarves, cigarette-cases, pin-cushions, and what not. And there are ribbon wrist-bands for watch or badge which are the dinkiest ducks of all.



"They dance bare-footed, bare-legged, and bare-armed."



"You may not be a 'confirmed misogynist,' but you sound like one."

To A.—*Quelle question!* I'll love it and keep it ever. It's awfully sweet of you, really! Every time the postman knocks now I just thrill. No, nothing ever gets lost through *The Sketch*. How is our mutual friend getting on? Tell him I rejoice at the honour conferred on him, and, though I have never seen him, I think of him often gratefully and admiringly.

To a correspondent who signs "L'Homme de Bois."—I am sorry you dislike so the 1916 flapper. You say, "To appreciate the modern flapper, one must be either very young or very old." You may not be a "confirmed misogynist," but you sound very much like one! If you had told me what hospital you write from I might, perhaps, have converted you in bringing around your sick-bed to smooth your pillow, soothe your soul, and soften your heart,

a few charming (though young!) women. Failing this, I can only advise quinine and an angel-nurse.

My good wishes to you. I hope you may soon be quite well and — much less wise!

A readeress of mine has taken very much to heart a letter from a Mesopotamian Major who, if you remember, complained that they over there were far from our thoughts. I told him already how mistaken he was, but it may "cheero" him (since cheero has become a verb) to hear what my poetess correspondent has to say—

"DEAR PHRYNETTE, — Would some of your 'Yous' like a little tribute in the form enclosed? If

they would, will you undertake sending them out to the boys in Mesopotamia, that they may know they have inspired someone in the old country?"

THE CALL.

By Charlotte Brook.

The call rang sharp, the call rang clear,
Over the mountains, valleys, and seas;
The echoes resounded from far and near,
Awake, arise! from your beds of ease.
The Motherland called, nor called in vain;
The sword was gripped, with a firm, strong hand;
"Good-bye, good-bye, till we meet again"—
And the good ship sailed from the pleasant land.
Oh! Builders you, of the Empire's frame;
Oh! strong, brave souls in kinship wed;
Where'er you wander—what your name,
The earth is hallowed by your tread.
The Game's worth while, we live in deeds,
And Man competes for Honour's toll;
Those acts, as each to Homeland speeds,
Are writ on Time's eternal scroll.
The great Game played—the sword at rest,
How happy, wheresoe'er he roam,
Must be the man whose lips can say,
He fought for freedom, love, and home.

Oh, I must tell you a quite delicious story which is related with gusto by the manager of a well-known restaurant in town. A very wealthy, very newly wealthy man—Croesusised by the war, in fact—thought that he would patronise the aforesaid restaurant for luncheon and dinner, and being in absolute ignorance about food and wine, he always went for safety for the most expensive champagne on the list. Then, one day, said he to the manager: "Look here, I am getting pretty fed up with that 'champain' of yours

in its same pail, and its same old ice. I think I fancy a drop of something else for a change." The manager rubbed a knowing chin pensively. "Well, Sir, certainly. Plenty of choice; try some of our claret."

Again the man made a bee-line to the highest figure opposite the claret. When the bottle was brought to him with holy care, covered with the dust of respectability and age—"Hum!" said the would-be epicure; "it's a mighty small bottle for its years. Still, mind you get it well iced, waiter." I needn't say that both manager and waiter almost collapsed at such lèse-gormandising, while a grin ran all round the neighbouring tables.

I had rather an exciting experience with a gay old gentleman the other evening at a dinner-party. He was very much in an after-dinner mood. The first thing he thrust upon my attention was the little poem of which he informed me he was the author. This is how it ran—

Cold water is the best of drinks,
So all the sages sing;
But who am I that I should have
The best of anything?
Let Princes dally at the pump,
Peers of the pond make free;
For whisky, beer, or even wine
Is good enough for me.

This finished, he informed me he was the sole originator of the "tanks." Well, as you know, there are tanks and tanks, as the "blind" man said to the teetotaler; but I find that nowadays all the people who before the war used to see sea-serpents, the very same people who saw the Russian troops



"The 1916 Flapper."



"To appreciate the modern flapper, one must be either very young or very old."

arrive, are now seeing tanks. Those who haven't actually invented them have at least been the first to behold them in their terrific splendour.

THE LATEST FROM PARIS: DRESSES; CAPE; COAT.



AN EVENING CLOAK OF VELVET AND BROCADE.



A CAPE OF TAIL-LESS ERMINE AND SKUNK.

A NATTIER-BLUE TAFFETAS EVENING DRESS,
EMBROIDERED IN SILVER.A DRESS PARTLY VEILED WITH TULLE AND TRIMMED
WITH FUR AND EMBROIDERED.

Brocade, when allied with velvet and fur, makes the truly ideal evening cloak—as shown in the first photograph. The cape illustrated is both smart and picturesque, made as it is with tail-less ermine and skunk. Nattier-blue still holds its own as a leading colour;

and its charm is further enhanced when embroidered in silver. The dress shown in No. 4 is one suitable for afternoon or evening wear—simple enough for the one, decorative enough for the other.—[Photographs by Henri Manuel.]

THE LATEST FROM PARIS: SOME HATS.



1. SKUNK WITH A MOTIF IN FRONT.

2. A NAPOLEON HAT IN BEAVER.

3. A MUSQUASH HAT.

4. A NOVEL DECORATED-VELVET HAT.

5. A BLACK PANNE HAT WITH A GRENADE IN GILT.

6. A VELOURS HAT WITH MOIRÉ RIBBON.

We give here a set of fashionable hats from Paris. The fashions at present are really made to suit every type. We have tall hats and flat hats, large and small—fur, velvet, panne, and musquash, and hats with the slightly military touch, reminding one of the soldiers of France and the Allies.—[Photographs by Henri Manuel.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Greatest Craze.

Lady Duff Gordon has earned the gratitude of all her sex. Next to ending the war, she has conferred upon womankind the highest possible boon. In short, Lady Duff Gordon has discovered an instant alleviation for the agony of not buying beautiful clothes.

What is it? Well, why don't you read your Sunday paper?

"I see no reason," said Lady Duff Gordon to an interviewer, "why women should not enjoy looking at beautiful clothes, even in war time."

There is your panacea. If you are rich, it is bad form to buy beautiful clothes in war time. If you are poor, it is even worse form to buy beautiful clothes in war time. But there is no reason in the world why you should not take a long, long look at the exquisite garments of Lady Duff Gordon. Personally, I must confess that I should get very little satisfaction indeed out of gazing by the hour at the perfect set of any man's trousers, no matter how exalted his rank might be. Still, women, we know, take their pleasures vicariously, so I repeat that Lady Duff Gordon is to be thrice blessed by the Allied femininity.

As her Ladyship remarks, "One need not possess a beautiful thing to enjoy it." Here you have an amazing truth. Think of that the next time a man passes you in one of those swift, smooth-gliding cars with the long steel bonnets. Let him pay for it! Let him pay the tax! Let him pay for the tyres and petrol! He is the idiot. You, in the gutter and the dust, are enjoying that car tremendously for nothing at all.

Supporting the General.

General Smith-Dorrien, still waging his uphill fight in the manner of a soldier, gets some curious supporters. For example—

"In my opinion, no woman ought to be allowed to go on the stage in a costume different from what she would wear in a drawing-room. I would make that law, and I am no Puritan."

I will give you twelve guesses—unless you know—as to the writer of those words. An old maid in the wilds of the provinces? No. A Wesleyan Minister? No. A retired schoolmaster with a troublesome liver? No. You would never, I think, guess the answer. They were written by the ex-editor of a theatrical paper—a man, presumably, of the stage world; a man who should know as well as love the art of the theatre.

Imagine Rosalind and Viola in the drawing-room costume of the moment. Imagine Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc in her drawing-room frock.

The gallant General, who conducts his campaign in the columns of a Sunday journal, should get somebody to help him with the selection of the letters he receives. To publish some of them must rather do his cause—which is a thoroughly good cause, worth handling with all the skill available—more harm than good.

The whole question, since we are discussing it, seems to me a matter of taste rather than a matter of morals. Educate your audiences in good taste and bad taste, and their morals will take

care of themselves. A man of taste never yet saw anything amusing in indecency, and never will.

Encouraging.

I was stopped in a London street the other day by a man who wanted a certain famous hotel in the Strand. He was an Englishman, educated, self-possessed, and a Southerner. A Londoner, for all I know.

"Well," I said, "you know where the old Tivoli used to be?"

"No," he replied, with a blank look.

"What? Did you never hear of Dan Leno?"

"Oh, yes, but I never saw him."

"Well, do you know the Adelphi Theatre?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Or the Vaudeville?"

"I don't think so."

"At any rate, you know the Gaiety? Rather like a fortified American railway station?"

"No, I've never noticed it."

"Were you ever in a London theatre at all?"

"Yes, I sometimes went to the Lyceum in Irving's days."

"That won't help us much. Do you know Southampton Street?"

"Oh, yes. There's a post-office in that street, is there not?"

"Quite right. Find the post-office and then ask again."

Away he went, quite delighted. And I remained, very thoughtfully, on the kerb, wondering whether I was too old to apprentice myself to some astute person who deals in bodily necessities.

The Pride of the Philistine.

You never meet a man who says, "Well, you know, as a matter of fact, I very rarely use soap." But I am constantly meeting men who say, with a touch of conscious pride, "Well, you know, as a matter of fact, I very rarely go to a theatre."

This attitude has nothing to do with the war. The same man, even before the war, never went to the theatre, never bought a book, never went to a concert, and never bought a picture. And he boasts of it! He is positively delighted with himself because he never spends a penny on any form of art. He buys *John Bull*,

for literature; he makes his small daughter play the piano, for music; he buys the *Daily Mirror* or the *Daily Sketch*, for art; and he goes to see "Daredevil Cowboy Jim" at a picture-house, for drama. All excellent things, of course, but why not spend a little more and go a little further with your artistic education?

A man who buys *John Bull* to read in the train is quite tickled with his purchase. It makes him feel dashing. The same man, if discovered with a novel, would look rather sheepish. Why? Why should Mr. Bottomley be the only stylist in English literature? Is it the climate?

There must be a mission after the war. The writers and the painters and the musicians must get together, and hoist banners, and shame the people into taking notice of their artists. . . . Yes. A good idea. Let it simmer.



"HOUP-LÀ!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: Mlle. MADELINE CHOISEULLE.

Mr. C. B. Cochran has announced that Mlle. Choiseulle will take a leading part in "Houp-La," with which revue he is opening the St. Martin's Theatre. We give a very charming portrait of this newcomer to the London stage.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

FORSAKING MUSICAL COMEDY FOR "STRAIGHT" COMEDY.



A DALY'S STAR TO APPEAR WITH MR. CHARLES HAWTREY: MISS WINIFRED BARNES.

Miss Winifred Barnes, who did so well on the musical-comedy stage, particularly at Daly's, in "The Happy Day," is to make her first appearance in "straight" comedy in the West End, with Mr. Charles Hawtreys. By making this change, she follows in the footsteps

of a number of ladies who won fame first in musical comedy and later on the more serious stage; notably, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Gladys Cooper, and Miss Ethel Irving. Miss Winifred Barnes's success in her new rôle is assured.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

SMALL TALK

O RIEL has been totalling up its splendid record in the war—not more splendid, perhaps, than some other Oxford colleges, but that, since the average is so high, does not lessen its credit. Reading its lists, I took from my shelves Shane Leslie's first little book of verses, "Songs of Oriel," and turned to the poem called "Men of Oriel." Let no real Oriel man buy the book on the strength of that title. To Shane Leslie, the Irishman, Oriel does not mean Oxford. I don't quite gather what it does mean to him, but his book is all about Irish patriotism, and bogs, and the woes of the distressful country. Why should it mean Oxford? Shane, of course, was at King's, Cambridge, where life, he found, was at once inspiring and disarming.

Money, Money! The hospital visitor who takes on the friendless and flowerless subaltern generally has little difficulty in supplying his wants. At most he asks for books, or a pack of cards for patience, or extra cigarettes. Maybe she has to supply him with "The Brook Kerith" against her prepossessions; or perhaps she deplores his taste in tobacco—those are not serious obstacles to agreement. But the other day I heard of a great lady who had been sorely perplexed. With a way she has of seeming to offer all her possessions, she said to a disconsolate youth, "Is there anything I can bring you?" "Money," he answered. She beat a retreat with as good a grace as she could muster, wondering if she should have handed him her purse, and is frightened to visit him again. I think I can guess his trouble. He has become separated from his cheque-book in the turmoil of the trenches, and, being ill, cannot trouble to write to his bank for another. Let her take him one of Cox's, and he will have his desire.

Burns in Oils. Judging from the number of lunchers, the National Liberal Club is thriving in its new quarters. Nor, when I fed there the other day, did I encounter, or find anybody who had encountered, the lady who was said to have insisted on her right to use the dining-room. I found, instead, all the old household gods in their new places. The bust of Gladstone faces one on the

stairs; Sir Robert Peel and Bright and Cobden preside on their pedestals; and Mr. Burns has suffered nothing in the process of removal. There he is, as large and almost as vigorous as life, in his accustomed gilt frame. In the flesh he is still faithful as ever to the dusty second-hand book-shops of Charing Cross Road and

Museum Street. I believe he prefers the booksellers to the politicians. "Sir," he once said of two polite and promising young Members of cold exterior, "there is only this difference between them: one's vanilla, the other's strawberry—they're both ices." Somehow or another, Burns in oils seems more appropriate for the National Liberal than does the living man.

A Great Day. Nothing succeeds like sympathy, and I was wrong about the flagging of flag-day enthusiasm. At any rate, it was resuscitated for Roumania's benefit last Thursday, and as many people paid pennies for the emblems of our Ally as they did for Union Jacks on "Our Day." Admittedly, flag days had begun to bore people, but not one man in twenty in town last Thursday had an empty buttonhole. If Roumania had been more successful in the field, it might have been another matter. Nothing, in this case, succeeded like a set-back.

Passing Rich on— Lady Swaythling set a great example. She donned the somewhat inconvenient national costume, and organised right and left. She, and her family, are a considerable power in the land when it comes to swelling a fund. The late Peer, whose fortune was well on its way into the second million, left £8000 a year to his wife, £30,000 in trust for each of his six daughters, a few thousand apiece to six grand-daughters, and the residue, apart from a few bequests, to his four sons. There you have a good base to work from when it comes to waging a collecting campaign. The late Lord Swaythling, by the way, offered his children and grandchildren an easy opening for disburdening themselves of their money. Should any of them, he decreed, cease to profess the Jewish faith or marry out of it, they are entitled to nothing more than a very modest annuity of one hundred pounds.



WIFE AND SON OF A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER: MRS. BERTRAM ROMILLY (SISTER OF MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL), AND HER BABY.

Mrs. Bertram Romilly, of whom we give a charming portrait, with her infant son, is the wife of Brigadier-General Bertram Henry Samuel Romilly, D.S.O., Scots Guards, who won his Distinguished Service Order in South Africa, and has been mentioned in despatches during the present war. Mrs. Romilly is the sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, and was, before her marriage, Miss Nelly Hozier. She is the younger daughter of Lady Blanche Hozier and the late Colonel Sir Henry Montague Hozier, K.C.B. Lady Blanche Hozier is aunt of the Earl of Airlie.—[Photograph by J. Weston and Son.]



THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND AND HIS FAMILY: THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM F. MASSEY, P.C., MRS., AND MISS MASSEY.

The Premier of New Zealand, who is visiting London, is a patriot of patriots, and has been cordially fêted by the friends of New Zealand, who appreciate what the Dominion has done in the war. At a big reception at the Hotel Cecil, at which the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Ward and Sir T. Mackenzie—both former Premiers of the Dominion—were present, Mr. Massey said in a fine spirit of patriotism: "All we have and all we are are yours, is the message of the Dominion to the Empire," that they "will fight to the last man," and that "where the honour of the Empire is concerned the honour of New Zealand is concerned."—[Photograph by Swaine.]

THE DISTAFF SIDE: A QUARTET OF INTERESTING PORTRAITS.



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3



4

1. DAUGHTER OF A PRISONER OF WAR: THE HON. MRS. CLIVE MORRISON-BELL'S LITTLE GIRL.

3. WIFE OF A V.C.; MOTHER OF A V.C.: MRS. CONGREVE.

The very pretty picture we give of a little girl is a portrait of the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell, wife of Major Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell, M.P., who is a prisoner of war in Germany.—Lady Pearson is the wife of Sir Cyril Arthur Pearson, who is doing such splendid work in connection with the St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blind Soldiers, in Regent's Park.—Mrs. Congreve, the wife of Lieutenant

2. WIFE OF THE BARONET WHO CHAMPIONS THE BLIND: LADY PEARSON.

4. PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH RED CROSS IN LONDON: THE MARQUISE DE LA PANOUSE.

General Walter Congreve, C.B., V.C., has been nursing in France since the early days of the war. Her son, Major W. La Touche Congreve, V.C., was the husband of Miss Pamela Maude, and was killed seven weeks after his marriage.—The Marquise de la Panouse is the wife of the Military Attaché to the French Embassy in London.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 3, and 4, by E. O. Hoppé; No. 2, by Swaine.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT is easy enough to misremember the details of a portrait; but with a Sargent, at any rate, the ruling characteristics generally fix themselves on the mind's eye. There is the

Asher-Wertheimer, arcane, suave, of Bond Street princely; there is the Duke of Portland, full of ease, yet very sensitive; there is the lovely Lady Hamilton, robed in greys that are the colour of her own Scottish mists; and so reposeful and well-assured in her Northern grace that one critic, looking at the canvas, said he could almost hear those lips speaking French with a Highland accent. Needless to say, he was wrong, and when, one afternoon, he found himself sitting near the same tea-table, with her and Rodin, had good reason to know it.

The Old Fallacy. And then, to come to a Sargent lately mentioned on this page, there is the Lady Faudel-Phillips, of which somebody or another had made the usual comment. That was in the days when it was still thought to be a daring business, a sort of adventure, to sit to Sargent. "It's like going to confession," said one woman—and went. "I am meek, and so offered the other cheek," said another when he had finished a profile—as if he had slapped her. And most women screened themselves with an extra puff of powder before submitting to his scrutiny—which only meant that the powder made its appearance on canvas. Even Stevenson said of the Sargent portrait of himself, "Of course, it looks dam queer." But not to this generation. And I am sorry I was so old-fashioned as to allude the other day to the "Lady Faudel-Phillips" as if we still lived in a time when the points of a Sargent were regarded as points scored against a sitter. That was a ridiculous fallacy. We know how proud the sitters are to-day to have passed through the alleged "ordeal." Moreover, I misremembered that particular portrait, and was wrong in attributing to it a superabundance of jewellery.

The Governor. Sir Thomas Beecham becomes, at the death of his father, still further interested in opera. For while he himself was the musician, concerned with music pure and simple, his father was the princely patron of the art and of his son's enterprises in that direction. Sir Thomas now becomes, so to speak, his own governor, his own patron. The share taken by Sir Joseph in the purchase of the Covent Garden estate, at a sum reported to amount to something between two and three million pounds, further linked the family, by the way, with the operatic world, the region of vegetables and Verdi. More beguiling to men of limited

purses is the story of Lord Lyveden's deal in North Carolina. His Lordship announces the sale of property he bought there, for "a small sum," at a quarter of a million sterling.

'J.M.B.'s Losses. Sir James Barrie's losses on the field of honour

are singularly heavy for a man who had no son to give to his country. The boy to whom he had stood almost in the relationship of foster-father was killed early in the war; and "J.M.B." passed on his revolver to another young officer. On July 1 that friend too was fatally wounded; and on the same day Sir James lost a nephew. Now he has news of the death of a second nephew. There is no immunity for a man of close affections, even if he be spared the more obvious griefs of a bereaved parent.

Baroness Beaumont's Son. Baroness Beaumont is a young "mother of two." She was not twenty when she became engaged to the future Lord Howard of Glossop; but even then she had held her six-centuries-old barony for eighteen years. When her father was killed she was hardly more than twelve months old, and too young to remember the tragedy of the accidental but fatal shooting at Beaumont. For nine months, while the law and Lords discussed her case, the barony fell into abeyance. It was a tangle of red tape and baby-ribbon; but she got her barony, or baronessy, and now the only question left to the wisecracks of "Burke" and "Debrett" and "Whitaker" will be the proper style of her elder son when he inherits the titles of both parents.

Monologues. Mona Josephine Tempest Stapleton, Baroness Beaumont, is her own full name, and it will be further elongated when she comes to be Mona Howard of Glossop as well. At present, however, she has the consolation of using the briefest of signatures, the single word "Beaumont" sufficing for her formal correspondence.

Charles John Darling Forgets Himself. The least that Mr. Justice Darling can do by way of reparation is to write a set of verses on his misreading of the clock last week. He adjourned for lunch an hour before the time: there, with the evidence before his eyes, and with the internal habits of a lifetime to correct a hasty judgment (his breakfast, mind you, had been just as usual), he drew the wrong conclusions. But he has exactly the right touch to do justice to the situation in rhyme, and we may expect some happy couplets on the fallibility of Judges from the author who signed himself, on the title-page of the first edition of his verses—



TO MARRY MR. ALBERT GUY PAWSON: MISS HELEN HUMPHREY LAWSON.

Miss Lawson is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. H. Lawson, of The Cedars, Richmond. Mr. Pawson, of the Soudan Civil Service, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Pawson, of Home Combe, Watlington, Oxon.—Miss Winterbotham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Winterbotham, of Culls, Stroud, Gloucestershire. Captain Leacroft is the son of Major and Mrs. Ranulph Leacroft, of Rowberrow Manor, Somersetshire.—[Photographs by Bassano and Press Portrait Bureau.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEOFFREY C. R. LEACROFT, M.C.: MISS EVELYN GRAHAM WINTERBOTHAM.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT FRANCIS WILLIAM STRACHAN: MRS. VIOLET MAUDE BLACKWELL.

Mrs. Blackwell is the widow of Mr. Walter R. Blackwell, of Oxhey Place, Watford. Lieutenant Strachan is in the Army Ordnance Department, and is the son of Mr. James Edward Strachan, of Kingswood, Clapham Park, S.W.—The engagement is announced of Miss Sybilla Dorling to Mr. Vernon Francis Symondson, late of the 13th Hussars.

Photographs by Swaine and Vandyk.



TO MARRY MR. VERNON FRANCIS SYMONDSON: MISS SYBILLA DORLING.



TO MARRY MR. THOMAS RAMSAY STONEY: MISS DOROTHY AGNES SHEEPSHANKS.

Miss Sheepshanks is the daughter of the late Rev. T. Sheepshanks and Mrs. Sheepshanks, of Stokelake, Chudleigh, and Park Place, Harrogate. Mr. Stoney, of Wootton Court, Kent, is the son of the late Major George Ormonde Stoney, K.O. Scottish Borderers.—Miss Elliott is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. W. Elliott, D.S.O. Captain Fison is in the Suffolk Regiment.—[Photographs by Swaine and Vandyk.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN JAMES F. L. FISON, M.C.: MISS CHARLOTTE PATRICIA ELLIOTT.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EARL: A NEW PORTRAIT.



A BRIDE OF YESTERYEAR: LADY MARY STRICKLAND.

We give a new and very charming portrait of Lady Mary Strickland, the beautiful wife of Lieutenant Strickland, who is in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, near Tewkesbury. Lady Mary, who is the second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, was married in Cairo, in November last year, and is now only twenty-one.

Her elder sister, Lady Cynthia, is the wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith, and her elder brother, Lord Elcho, married Lady Violet Manners, one of the beautiful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Lady Mary Strickland devotes much of her time to war work of various kinds and is immensely popular with her large circle of friends.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



THE CLUBMAN

A LOST OPPORTUNITY: IMPERIAL GUARDS: THE VOLUNTEERS COME INTO THEIR OWN.

Constanza. I can say with truth that I have been in Constanza, but my stay there was not of many hours. Everybody who knew the Balkans well had told me that I would find Constanza an interesting place to visit, for there are all kinds of ruins there—Roman ruins and Greek ruins—and a statue of Ovid, and some fine churches. I thought I could see all that I wanted in the late afternoon between the hour that the boat from Constantinople was timed to arrive and the departure of the midnight train to Bucharest. But before we were half-way across the Black Sea a great storm sprang up, and the boat slowed down and for a time rode nose to wind, waiting for the storm to lessen. It was close on eleven o'clock when we got to Constanza, and it was very difficult work to get alongside the quay, for the wind was still blowing half a gale.

The City. All I saw of Constanza city was its harbour, protected by a breakwater, and its quays, over the rough stones of which I stumbled on my way to the train of sleeping-cars and restaurant-car. The moon was up, and I could see the white buildings of the town; but my one consuming wish was to get something to eat and drink, and until I had coaxed a very sleepy and very ill-tempered waiter to get me some cold meat and a bottle of beer I had no interest to spare for Ovidius Naso or the town of his banishment. Had I known that Constanza would play a part in a future war, I should have spared a whole day for the seeing of it.

The Great Bridge. When the train came to the great bridge that carries the railway line across the Danube and its marshes I was fast asleep in my berth, and I did not know of the existence of the bridge until people next day in Bucharest asked

What Could Be Done.

A regiment of Imperial Household Mounted Rifles or a battalion of Imperial Guard Infantry, each of the four companies recruited in one of the big Dominions, would interest Londoners, and keep alive in this country memories of the deeds of the brave Anzacs in the Great War. India, however, might feel aggrieved if she were forgotten, and she might well put in a claim that the Viceroy's Bodyguard should be seen in London. The suggestion of Imperial Guards is an attractive one, but the realisation of it presents a good deal of difficulty.

Lord French and the Volunteers.

Lord French, who has made some lightning tours to see the Volunteers at work, has told their commanders what the Government will require as a return from the Volunteers should a supply of modern rifles and ammunition and other equipment be given to them. The



HER FIRST COMMUNION: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ OF BELGIUM AND THE BISHOP.

Princess Marie-José recently received her first communion, and our photograph shows her Royal Highness with the Bishop who was the celebrant on the occasion. The Princess, who is ten years old, is handing the Bishop a souvenir of the occasion. The service was held in the chapel attached to a refuge which the Queen of the Belgians has established for children orphaned by the war.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

me how I had seen it and whether I did not consider it one of the wonders of the world.

Imperial Guards. A suggestion has been made that at the close of the war battalions of Guards should be raised in India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and that these Guards, having their headquarters in the colonies they represent, should send to England detachments to take a share in the duty of guarding the Sovereign's person. Canada already has her Guards, and many of them are now serving at the front. Mounted Rifles are the troops into which Australians and Africans form themselves most readily, and the free-and-easy methods of all Colonials would have to be conquered by the men before they could gain that exactness in detail, that mechanical perfection in drill, which is one of the Guards' characteristics in peace time.



THE FIRST COMMUNION OF PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ OF BELGIUM: CHILDREN OF THE REFUGE DISTRIBUTING HYMN-BOOKS.

The children of the refuge referred to have been orphaned by the war, and find a home in the institution established by the Queen of the Belgians. The Queen and the young Princess are much interested in the Belgian Soldiers' Christmas Fund, 38, Lowndes Square, of which Mlle. A. Rousseau is Secretary, which is being got up to supply Christmas parcels to Belgian sufferers by the war, and Princess Marie-José has signed a photograph, a copy of which will be sent to all subscribers. Lord Curzon of Kedleston is one of the patrons.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

principal clause of the agreement will be an undertaking on the part of the Volunteers to bear arms during the continuance of the war. In what duties they will be employed and what length of time they will be asked to give up to these duties have not yet been made public; but Lord French is so favourably impressed by what he has seen of the Volunteers at work that they are likely to be entrusted with a more important part in the defence of the realm than they have hitherto been asked to undertake. In a speech to the Volunteer officers at Chelmsford, Lord French told them that it was quite possible that home defence would be left, to a very great extent, in their hands and those of Regulars unfit for service in the trenches. The Volunteers, after two years of patient work, are at last to reap their reward, that reward being to be given responsible work to do.

The Early Rebuffs.

Most of the rebuffs that the Volunteers encountered in their early days were due to two causes. One was that the Volunteers were anxious to run before they were able to walk, and the other was that the War Office and every Staff Officer in the land were worked off their feet in keeping our Expeditionary Force in France supplied with men and food and munitions, and had no time to listen to the aspirations of men of the last line. The Volunteers were ordered not to buy any modern rifles in order that they might not compete in the market against the Government, and the only recognition that the Volunteer had attained a certain degree of efficiency was the serving out to him of the red arm-band with "G.R." on it. The Volunteers thought that they were snubbed; but, like many other fine fellows, they were really only waiting their time.

THE "SKELETON" AT THE FEAST.



No. 1: What sort of a tip does he give you?

No. 2: About ten per cent. of his bill.

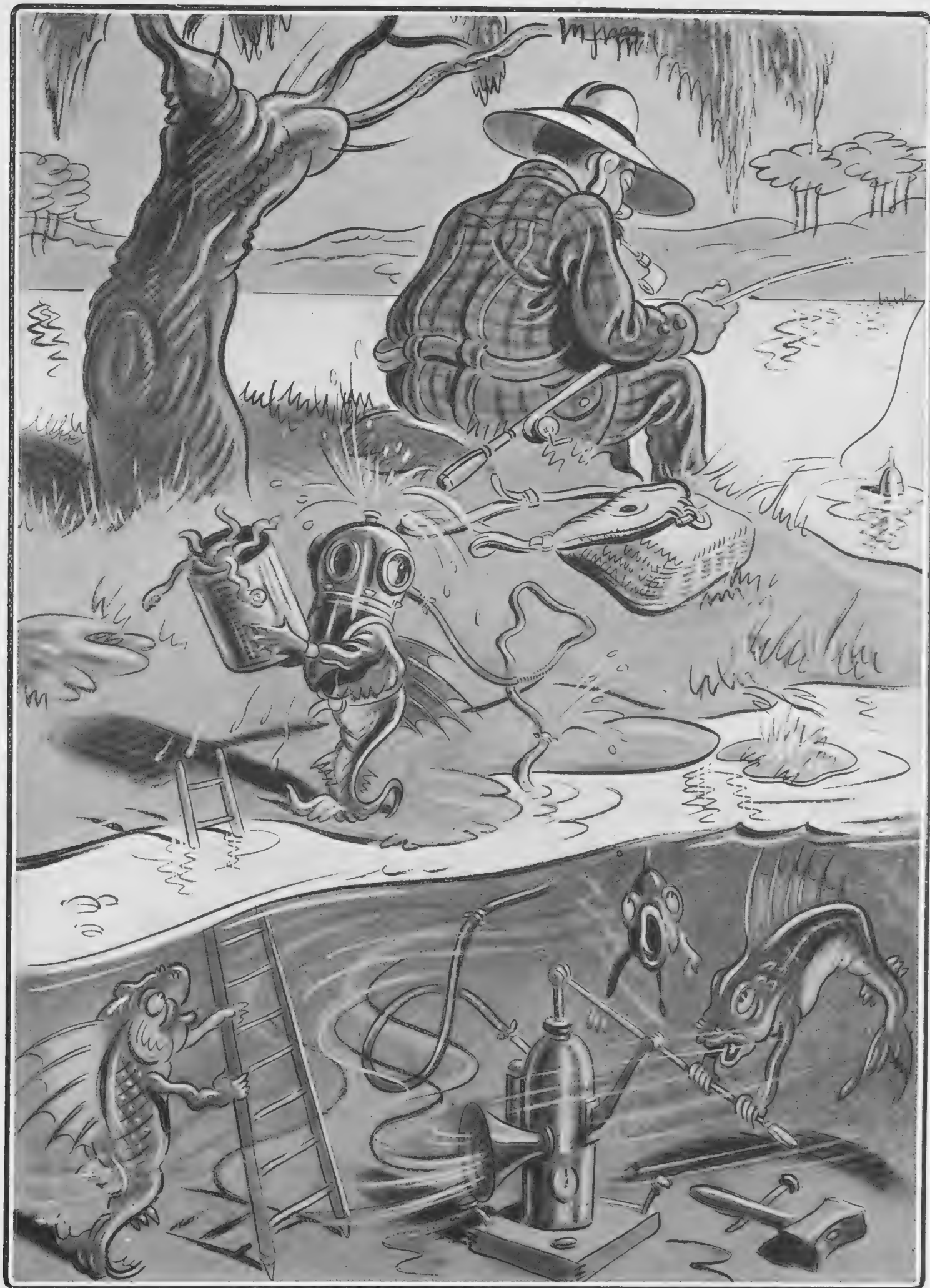
No. 1: I suppose you're living in deadly fear of him losing his appetite?

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

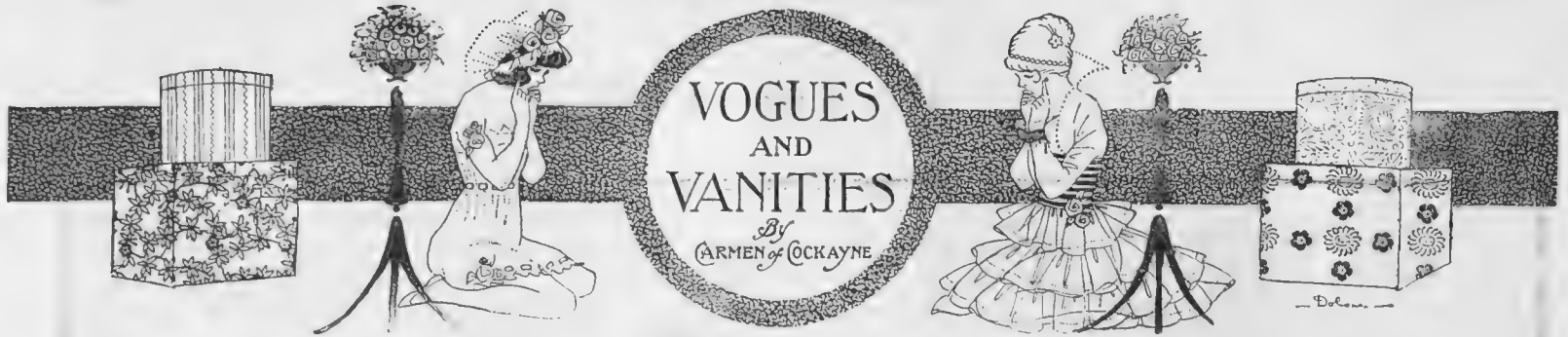


THE LATEST IN SCIENTIFIC INVENTION!



WEARY OF WAITING ON SLEEPY ANGLERS' BAITS, THE FISH SET THEIR DEEP-AIR DIVER TO WORK AND GET THE WORMS IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME.

DRAWN BY A. BAKER.



The Time and the Mode.

Fashion and comfort don't always go hand in hand. Those who profess to be indifferent to appearances even go so far as to say that fashion and discomfort are closely allied. Perhaps that might have been true in the days of the crinoline—or, to come nearer to our own times, the "hobble." Then it really did seem as if La Mode, having, so to speak, licked her recruits into shape, took a Puck-like pleasure in tormenting them in all sorts of ways. No one has ever been known to acknowledge that the tight skirt was graceful, everyone agreed that it was enormously uncomfortable, yet so well had women been disciplined that, with few exceptions, they preferred to crawl painfully along the path of fashion rather than walk along the broad highway of unmodishness.

The Path of Fashion is the Way to Comfort.

Nowadays, it seems incredible that only two years have passed since women were willing to halter their lower limbs simply because it was "the thing." Now all that is changed. To say that the path of fashion is the way to comfort sounds strange, but it is true all the same. Those who make modes as well as those who follow them have had to bow to the necessities of war. Exceptions can always be found; but, broadly speaking, comfort and fashion now walk together. Not that it is to be supposed that all eccentricities of dress have been buried for ever. But La Mode, like a wise general, knows when to retire in order to prepare for a renewal of activities later on. Anyhow, we are allowed free play for our limbs, so that we can all engage in week-end munitioneering, or plate-washing, or selling buns in a canteen, without fear of retribution in the form of a gaping seam that exposes secrets not as a rule confided to the gaze of an unsympathetic world.

The Coat-Dress Stands Fast.

The occasion may breed the man; it certainly brings the appropriate dress. Any future dress historian, looking back on these troublous days, will surely declare that the costume of the day was the coat-frock. It is not, after all, so very long since it made its first appearance. Like Zep nighties and other interesting things, it is the product of the war. But during its short life it has definitely become part and parcel of the feminine wardrobe. If you want to study it in all its manifold and attractive guises go to Gooch's, in Brompton Road,

where very special attention is paid to its manufacture and design. Two examples, selected from many others, have been sketched by Dolores on this page. The one is of brown cloth of the shade one usually associates with a monk's habit. It is loose at the back, but a double-strap ceinture preserves it from the reproach of "floppiness." Three deep gores, each outlined with the coarse stitching so much in favour just now, give it the necessary fullness on the hips. In the front, of the corsage, a vest—continued to produce a short apron-like effect on the skirt—of lavender velours cloth embroidered with silver thread introduces a welcome colour-note. The same material is used for the long, silver-edged roll-collar, while a band of silver braid tops the square-cut décolletage. Fine blue serge is used for the original of the second illustration, which is ornamented on front and sleeves with black silk braid, and finished at the throat and wrists with silver lapin.

No Monotony.

Apart from its comfortable qualities, the coat-dress never bores by monotony. It can be varied in a hundred different ways, and it is. One especially attractive example I saw the other day was carried out in black face cloth. In reality, it was fashioned on the lines of a Cossack robe, but the skirt was cleverly tucked in front to give the idea of an ordinary coat. On either hip there were gathered wing-like draperies entirely distinct from the skirt, and lined with emerald-green satin. Touches of green checked collar and wrists. There was a huge astrachan collar, and the same fur appeared as cuffs and at the hem, and the coat illusion was heightened by the fact that the frock buttoned down the front and could be opened as far as the tuck to display an elaborately gold and green embroidered vest. For those who prefer somewhat less ambitious creations, I saw at Gooch's a dress of this genre that might rival the robe of an anchorite for severe simplicity; and there were others whose plainness was relieved by fronts of black satin brilliant.

The Importance of the Collar.

Collars play an important part in dress-schemes this autumn. Some favour a collar that is in violent contrast to the dress it accompanies. A brown coat-frock may, for example, with perfect propriety own one of shrimp-pink cloth stitched with silk; or, again, a diaphanous ninon and some thick woollen material meet in what seems an almost unnatural union. Ninon and crêpe-de-Chine collars, by-the-by, are invaluable for lending a touch of colour to an otherwise sombre scheme. Many of them reach almost to the waist, and have a wide tuck or two by way of trimming.



Since the coat-frock captured the affections of dress-loving women it has passed through several phases. Two of the latest are seen here. In the one "monk" brown, lavender velours cloth, and silver braid meet in happy alliance. The other is blue serge trimmed with black braid.

NOT AT THE SAVOY!



"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY."

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE WEATHERCOCK.

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

THIS truthful history, as received from the Corporal and the Captain, both talking at once and each giving all the credit to the other, may be divided into five distinct parts, short as it is.

In the first part, Corporal Harry Willison lay on his stomach in the straw, breathing heavily and scowling at a postcard. It was one of those postcards we all know so well, upon which a paternal but unspiritual Government has decided just what a soldier in the field should, could, or under any circumstances might desire to say. But it did not satisfy the Corporal. In the space strictly reserved for "Signature Only," he was adding, with a stub of pencil, the one formula so obviously missing—

"I am {
alive
dead
buried,"

and the gloom of his countenance lighted into wistfulness. He presently pocketed the card, however, and took another, upon whose whitey-brown surface he went through the same painstaking erasures. He was so engaged when Captain Robin Willison entered the attic stealthily, and he rose to his feet and saluted.

"Stow it, H. W.," said his Captain briefly, "at least, in seclusion. You manage to make it so offensive."

"Discipline," suggested the Corporal, with a virtuous air.

"Don't be so ready to stand on your dignity, Henry," urged the Captain plaintively; "and tell me what you had in that bundle from Auntie this morning . . . ?"

"The unfortunate, down-trodden non-commissioned ranks," began the Corporal rapidly, as if reading from a book, "are now being mulcted by the greed and heartless rapacity of their officers of even those small comforts and ameliorations supplied by self-denying relatives. . . . Oh! Here's a box."

"But it's empty, you brute. Where are the smokes?"

"Where's the lamp that Hero lit Once to call Leander home? Equal Time——" Oh, all right, here you are. And if you hit me I shall scream, and then the men'll hear, and where will your blessed discipline be then, poor thing? . . . How quiet it is to-night, Rob!"

"Too quiet. Things always—go wrong—when it's been as quiet as this."

"Go wrong—in the same old way?" suggested the Corporal guardedly.

"Yes. They *always* know which road."

"Which means——?"

"That there's a leak somewhere this side of H.Q., but it beats us to find it. Spies? Of course, but *how* do they communicate with the enemy? Not a soul goes past here but our own men. Literally, not a soul. I'll stake my life it's not telephoning, through these floods; and the roads themselves are knocked to pieces and built up again about every twenty-four hours. We watch every Taube that goes up like cats watching a bird; but they seem shy of us, and we've never seen any unusual signalling or anything. Yet the fact remains that the enemy knows which road we're going to use sooner than our own men do; and that we lose more going up and coming back than we do in the trenches."

"Change your plans at the last moment—give out you're going by Watling Street and swop to one of the others on the quiet."

"We've tried it, of course; it worked all right, once. The next time it—didn't. We were caught. And it's not so easy to change at the last minute when there's never more than one road of the four fit for use—when the Sappers have been working on that one——"

"It's the Sappers must give you away. They see 'em—from their scouting aeroplanes——"

"I'll swear they don't—not under those trees. I've never seen such a patch of trees over here. Why, man, those roads are simply tunnels through trees! And whichever one we use for our reliefs, on that one, nine times out of ten, the Huns turn their guns. Dropping shots. . . . Someone learns, of course. Someone tells 'em. But *how*? If it goes on, the Transport 'll have to go round by Fournil. A man in the A.S.C. told me——" He hesitated, and was silent, absently opening and shutting the lid of the little cigarette-box. "It's—someone here, of course," he went on after a moment, meeting the Corporal's eyes.

"Pierre? Old Bonchard? Amivel? Mère Brigitte?" asked the Corporal with a smile.

"One of them," assented the Captain gravely, and he did not smile. "We'll put our hands on—that one—some day; and find out how it's done. Meanwhile——"

"Grin and bear it. Lord, how quiet it is!"

"So quiet," said the Captain idly, "that you can hear the squeak of that funny old weathercock as it moves."

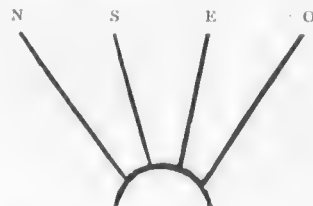
"Though there isn't any wind," added the Corporal.

This is the end of the first part.

The second part should deal with the château, centre, not so long ago, of all the life of that country-side, and now heaven-knew-what of offices, rendezvous, dressing-station, distributing-station, and general half-way house of a highly heterogeneous force. It was a huge, squarish building, fronted by ancient fishponds, and topped by a thing like a cupola that gave it the expression of a very large face under a very small hat. This cupola-thing in its turn was topped by a tall weathercock in the form of a great golden carp, supposedly swimming forever head to wind, but actually unreliable. The Corporal rather liked the attic under the cupola. It gave one a wide view—showed the flooded levels and the four usable roads converging towards the château; then separating like the spread fingers of a hand before plunging into the two-mile-broad belt of firs, planted by Monsieur's grandfather, which had been the glory of the estate. By one of these roads that section of the Front lying far beyond the woods must be fed, and under the incessant rains it was hard to keep even one of them fit for heavy transport. Even the firs stood in an unaccustomed bog, and on either hand for miles the levels were lakes. And whichever road was in use, the Boche knew it, shelling it with uncanny accuracy at long range in daylight or dark; which is not his invariable custom.

Corporal Harry, going up to take a turn in the trenches with his "little lot" that evening, was uncommonly thoughtful. He had found something in the attic under the cupola.

In the corner of the attic was some ancient straw. Behind the straw was a big rat-hole. Into this hole the Corporal had poked a reckless finger, just to see if the rat were at home. He encountered no rat, but hurt his finger on a sharp edge. On investigation, this proved to be a small tobacco-tin, which contained a note for forty francs and a small piece of paper bearing the following very simple diagram—



It looked like the rising sun on a pub. sign. The Corporal decided against any astronomical interpretation, however. He

[Continued overleaf.]

THE WALLS OF JERICHO !



THE FOLLOWER (*to stout and careful huntsman*) : Hulloo, Jack, trying to blow 'em down ?

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

put all back as he had found it. Before taking the road that same hour, he glanced up at the château, and saw the great golden carp—it must have been a yard long—swinging slowly in the light wind; it came to anchor at last, its nose due east against the darkening sky. The breeze on the Corporal's cheek was south-west.

That night, his "little lot" sent back eight casualties on the way up, and a column following them had a wagon blown up. Something had crushed the Corporal's foot in the darkness; at least, his boot was cut about; after earnest consultation with his superior officers, he became one of the casualties—a light one, who only needed a day or two's rest. He hoped to do a good deal in those days besides rest.

Begins now the third part.

In which the Corporal, under strong protest from an aggrieved Sergeant, desired to speak with Captain Willison, who was just about to turn in for a few hours, early of a grey morning. The Sergeant's sense of the fitness of things suffered yet more severely when the Captain re-pocketed his revolver, re-buttoned his coat, and accompanied the energetically limping Corporal into the château.

Once inside, the Corporal, in public almost violently mindful of the regulations, dragged his superior with no formality at all up several flights of increasingly dark and narrow stairs. The Captain endured in silence; but shuddered, suspecting spiders, which he loathed. The dusty, draughty attic gained, they had it to themselves, but with no sense of seclusion. A score of clattering activities were going on around them and below; only above, in the little cupola under the weathercock, was there quiet.

"You've come up with me," remarked the Corporal in a low voice, "to look at some suspicious activity beyond the fir-woods, as you have once or twice before. Why shouldn't you? . . . That's the cleverness of it—no, not of us; of the other side. Half the men about the place might spend their days drifting in and out of here, and it wouldn't be remarkable; only they don't happen to, except me and our unknown friend the enemy. . . . Yes, I fancy the coast's clear. I met someone coming down those very black stairs just now, and we politely squeezed past and wished each other 'B'jour.' Nothing remarkable in that, either; I fancy it was old Bonchard, who weeps over Lorraine and shows honourable scars of the seventy. Have you ever asked him which side gave 'em to him? He'll wait on your guzzling mess to-night and hear all you have to say. . . . Have you your field-glasses?"

The Captain leaned his elbow on the dusty ledge and slowly swept his glass along the front of the woods beyond the flooded meadows. "One telephone, one pair of night-glasses, and one Hun," he murmured, "in one tree over there, and the thing's clear. How simple, when you've once seen it. . . . Well, Henry?"

"Give me a leg up, can't you?" said the impatient Corporal, standing stork-like under the cupola and staring upwards. "That little policeman's-helmet place is only floored with rough boards. There's where they cut their trap-door. They made the exceeding mistake of using hinges that were new. . . . First thing I noticed. No, we're not clever, Robin, but . . ."

"You're not going up," said the Captain, meanly falling back on his authority; "I am. . . ." Because, you see, he had only the Corporal's assurance that the coast was clear, and a man standing on another man's back and poking his head through a hole in the roof has a very good chance of being shot through it by anyone who may be above. As is also obvious.

The Corporal made a shaky and abusive foundation, from which Robin managed to clamber into the cupola by way of the trap-door. Nothing happened. He only stayed a minute. Then his long legs came wavering through the trap again, and he swung by his hands and dropped.

"Perfectly simple arrangement of wires," he remarked, dusting off his knees. "It's a funny little place up there, like a summer-house. The shaft of the weathercock comes right through it to the floor just over our heads, and is stayed to the sides. That carp is a big chap, isn't he? And the wires run down the shaft ready to pull the carp in any direction and tie him there. . . ."

"It's a neat little arrangement and economical for the Hun, who doesn't have to waste his ammunition shelling every road every night. One, two, three, four roads, and *nord, sud, est, ouest* for the fish. . . . Come on. It's clear now. The thing to do is to catch him at it."

"I think I'd prefer to test the theory a *leetle* further," said the Corporal, turning to leave the attic. He glanced round. There was nothing in it but the heap of dusty straw and the wreck of a kitchen chair. "He climbs in by aid of the chair, I suppose. He must be a light man."

Which brings one to part four, a short part. The spy got into the cupola by help of the chair—the Corporal saw him do it that same evening, by aid of the straw, under which he lay hidden. It was dark, or nearly so, in the attic. There was still a half-light

in the cupola. The Corporal saw the trap-door as a greyish square suddenly opening and almost immediately obscured by the body of a man, who was moving in almost complete silence. In a moment the square was clear again. Silence; then the windy creak of the weathercock moving to and fro; silence again; then the man dropped to the floor, the trap closed; he put the chair back in its corner, and went away as quietly as a shadow. When he was gone, the Corporal emerged from the straw and fetched the chair in his turn. He climbed upon it with great caution, for he was half again as heavy as the spy, and heaved himself into the place above. Here he found everything as Robin had said. He found the wires on the weathercock shaft; three were free, one fastened. He hesitated. From where he was he could not, of course, see the weathercock, so he must chance it. With

extreme care he cast free the wire that was fastened, heard the great gold carp squeak loose in the breeze, and perspired in all his pores. But mercifully there was a clatter going on below, where the reliefs were falling in. . . . He pulled on another of the wires, heard the carp swing round again, tightened it, fastened it as the first had been, and fled by way of the trap and the chair.

That evening someone else's little lot, paddling trenchward as inconspicuously as possible, had the satisfaction of hearing the Huns systematically shelling a road more than a mile to their right. And the case against the golden weathercock was fairly proved. Remained now to take and prove the man.

Which is the fifth part.

"We must take *him*," said the Captain, "actually up in the policeman's helmet and attending to his wires, or it will be hard to show the connection." So he and the Corporal waited one night in the black shadow of a curtain swinging dustily on one of the upper landings under the curve of the stairs. They had not to wait very long, but the Captain, who had had a hard day of it, was fairly dozing on his feet when the Corporal touched his arm. He roused with a jerk that was fortunately a silent one.

"Hush. He's just gone up in his stockings. . . . Give him time to climb into the place, and then nip up after him. . . ."

In a moment or two they nipped, quietly as might be, having taken their boots off in readiness. The empty attic, the open trap-door, the chair under it—these told them that they had timed their pursuit to a second. The Captain paused in the doorway a moment, glancing keenly to right and left, his revolver ready in his hand. Behind him hovered the Corporal, rather white. He was only nineteen, the Corporal; and, when it came to the point, he found spy-catching in cold blood not entirely to his taste.

"Go easy, Robin! I mean—be sure it's the man we want. . . . Give him a chance—to explain or confess. . . ."

"All right, young 'un," whispered the Captain gently. "He'll have a trial, of course; and a chance to confess anything he likes! . . . Ah!"

He leaped forward, for the trap had darkened as someone leaned and looked from it: their whispers had been heard. The dim light gathered and glinted on the raised revolver; something in the Captain's voice as he spoke seemed to partake of the nature of that clear metallic spark—

"You had better come down."

Even if the silent man in the cupola knew no English he must have understood. He made no sign. The Captain's French always took wings unto itself and flew in moments of excitement. He went on stolidly—

"You had better come down. Your game's up. You played it just a little too openly, you know. Drop from the trap, and put your hands up as soon as you touch the floor. Understand? I have you covered. . . ."

Whether he understood or not they never knew. Not a sign nor a sound reached them till the crash of the revolver-shot drowned all other sounds in a flurry of echoes against the narrow wooden walls. The Corporal leaped forward and snatched at the other.

"Robin! Robin! Are you hit?"

"No." Robin's voice was rather breathless. He stood very still, staring up at the trap-door, a clear and empty greyish square of twilight, with a curl of smoke drifting and lengthening from it in a slow draught. He put the Corporal gently aside.

"That shot was not fired at me, Harry," he said.

"Not at you . . . ?"

"No. . . . He had pluck, too, that chap up there, whoever he was. We'll see presently."

"Do you mean . . . ?"

The Captain pointed slowly. They saw in the dusk a little dark thread which trickled slowly from the edge of the trap-door and fell drop by drop on the seat of the kitchen chair.

"That's his confession," said the Captain.

There ought really to be a sixth part of the story, but it appears to contain nothing but the remark that the chap in the tree had pluck too.

And now the golden carp swings a free and honest nose to all the winds of heaven.

THE END.

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It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests *that* the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

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Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

"TRENCHERS."

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Heaven in Hades."

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, visualise the lighter side of a drab war.

IT is an anomaly that the Trench Coat, a garment vitally essential for officers on active service, should remain non-regulation. In consequence, a heterogeneous collection of designs and materials exist, and the qualities and practicability of many are dubious.

The new "Waterproof Trencher" designed by Pope & Bradley for the winter of 1916-17, is the outcome of experience, and has been produced by them in its present form after careful consultation with senior officers of the Service.

The rigours of winter trench warfare, the torrential rains, the mud, slime, and intense cold, render any but the finest materials useless. So much so that a military writer recently stated that *nothing* could stand the wet in France for more than half-an-hour. In contradiction, the new "Trencher" is impervious to the heaviest storm.

The material used is one exclusively manufactured for Pope & Bradley, and in its production the cost has not been considered. The use of oil-silk as an interlining has been abandoned because of the evils of condensation. For extra warmth the detachable fleece lining is retained. The great features of this new coat are the material for the outer cover and the design of the model.

Even with the enormous rise in the price of materials, economy in a coat of this description would be fatal. The Pope & Bradley "Trencher" is the best possible to produce, and compatibly its price is moderate. Officers abroad may order by self-measurement.

The price with detachable fleece lining is £6 6s.; without fleece, £5 5s.

Service Jackets ..	from £4 4 0	Naval Superfine D.B. Jacket from £4 4 0
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Old Ivory Carvings.

From New York I learn that women are carrying long sticks, and an American friend tells me that search is made in every quarter to get quaint and old handles for them. The favourites are old ivory carvings, which look particularly well on ebony. The sticks are entirely ornamental, it being considered very *chic* to carry one. Some assistance they may be to their owners in alighting from their motor-cars; but their *raison d'être* is to form a complement to the George the Fifth period dressing, which, save for powdered hair, closely follows George III. Whether the sticks come in useful to coerce male relatives into voting rightly in the Presidential election next week is a question; for American ladies wield a powerful influence. I imagine, however, it is the lead, not drive, variety; but Hughes is a name to conjure with where our sex is concerned. Our American cousins may think they ought to use coercion to secure the return of Handsome Hughes!

Always With Sensational Éclat.

Wise women are busy about their winter furs right now, as our Transatlantic sisters put it. Labour is short in the fur business, as in others; and the newest full-skirted and amply collared coats demand a great deal of labour. The International Fur Store,

from vegetable sources, such as those of Dr. Pierre, 203, Regent Street, and at all good chemists, together with pastes and powders of similar vegetable and scientific preparation, will preserve a set of teeth, good and sound, as well for use as for ornament.

She Expected Her Parcels Home.

A rich Oversea uncle of a girl friend of mine, asked her to lunch with him one day. The meal was carefully chosen with due regard to what a girl likes; but after lunch was better. He invited her to go shopping, and told her she was to buy some real nice things. His Rolls-Royce landed them at Peter Robinson's, he took her to several of the departments of that great house, and loaded her with useful and lovely things, helping her to choose them all. It was an excited girl that burst in on me when I was having tea and toast cosily. She did not know whether she had been at Peter Robinson's prosaically purchasing, with a bill-paying uncle, or whether she had been in Dreamland with a fairy godmother. The one sure thing was that she expected her parcels home! She wondered rather why her uncle went to Peter's? He told her that his womenkind at home got heaps of things from there, and believed there was no other such shop in London; and his grateful niece is now thoroughly of their opinion, for her purchases do more than please her. We hear



MODES IN MUFFS.

Much variety is evident in the shape of muffs for the coming winter, as will be noticed in this illustration. The centre figure holds a circular muff made of ermine

with a gold appliqué. The left-hand muff is of astrakhan, black corded silk, and a long silk tassel. The third model is made of musquash and pleated glacé silk.

Regent Street, is therefore quite a meeting-place for women of light and leading in dress. It is rather amusing to hear them discussing their coats and sets without at all giving away their real plans; and so discounting the sensation due to their beautiful new coat when it makes its appearance, or their set of sables, ermine, or foxes when they are first walked out. The diplomatic salesmen and women never give their clients away; so the most subtle forms of questioning fail to give Mrs. Two-Stars a chance of going round and preparing Mrs. Four-Stars' friends for her appearance in a lovely seal musquash International Fur Store coat, with the very latest thing in brocade crêpe-de-Chine, Egyptian design, linings, the smartest and most up-to-date military great-coat collar of Volinsky sable, or of skunk, and the latest murmur of similar fur in cuffs. No; the conversational fencing is always successful at the I. F. S., and the new furs make their first appearances unannounced, and always with sensational *éclat*.

As Well for Use as for Ornament.

The war authorities seem at last to be seriously considering the subject of our soldiers' teeth. The enemy considered it long ago, with excellent result for them, as their food is worse than ours from the mastication point of view. The truth is that we, as a nation, do not give our teeth half a chance. We are better than we were; but much is left to be desired. The dentist loses all terrors if he is periodically visited; and good antiseptic mouth-washes, made up

much, therefore, of good old Peter's; and, curiously enough, she seldom has to add on "Robinson"; everyone knows what she means.

Another Unkindness to Germany.

What do the German women, of the diplomatic circles, do for clothes now? Almost without exception, they got them in Paris, or from Paris firms. Now no Paris firm would supply them; nor would circumstances admit of their dressing from the French capital. Before the war all the ladies of the German Embassy here were remarkable for their outlay on dress. The *personnel* of the Ambassador's staff were remarkable for being millionaires and multi-millionaires, and their womenkind went in costly French attire. The ladies of other European Embassies could not vie with them in price, but often scored on other grounds, more or less heavily. The story goes that a German Baroness was saying: "Dat der vos no von in Enklandt vat kut design dress," incidentally mentioning that the costume she was "carrying"—the word used by my British informant—was from a well-known Paris house. "Indeed," said the Britisher; "that is odd, for the design is one of the successes of our own Jay's, in Oxford Circus. So, once in a way, the Parisians must have paid us the compliment of copying us!" The Baroness moved on, muttering, "It vos inkredible!" But it was true; the British lady possessed the counterpart of the costume which she had worn first! Another unkindness to Germany!

FLAT-CHESTED FOR 15 YEARS SHE DEVELOPED HER BUST SIX INCHES IN THIRTY DAYS.

Any lady can now do the same by following the simple directions given below.

Why exercises, massage, creams, prescriptions, apparatus, appliances and similar methods can never develop the bust.

NO longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hallmark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for this alluring attraction that Nature had denied me, and the lack of which over-shadowed every other attraction I possessed. I foolishly and vainly tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, apparatus, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but only harm resulted, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair and conclude that my condition was hopeless and must be due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short. The miracle-working discovery which finally released me from this condition was purely accidental and one which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, dreary world became gay and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest, and shoulders were quickly filled out and made marvellously smooth, graceful, and fascinating in contour. From a flat-chested, imperfect, angular, and masculine-appearing member of my sex, I was transformed into the full-bosomed and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for explaining to others the method that did so much for me, and I have nothing whatever to sell, this offer being prompted by gratitude alone.

I found that the breasts being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simple muscles or other organs in use daily with regular and constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence that takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods, treatments, medicines, and appliances which I formerly used is thus fully explained. The first moment you feel the tingling, exhilarating action my treatment exerts, the forerunner of the splendid development soon to follow, you will then be able to realise why it cannot fail to cause dormant tissues to rapidly develop as they awaken to new life. Without knowing it, you already have the facilities for using the treatment in the strict privacy of your own home unknown to your most intimate friends. My only caution to you is, do not use the treatment unless you really require at least three to four inches or more bust development. Do not use it to develop other parts of your body without developing the bust, for while it greatly improves the general health and fills out neck, shoulders, and chest, it is certain to act primarily upon the mammary glands of the bust. As the development is permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards be sure to discontinue the treatment as soon as your bust becomes exactly the size and firmness desired. Growth cannot continue after treatment is stopped, but on account of the strong stimulating action exerted you may begin to gradually lessen the treatment as your bust begins to reach the required size and firmness.

Inquiries concerning my method have been so extremely numerous that, although many are letters from personal acquaintances, I have found it impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for posting expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left, and this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margarette Merlain (260E.), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and while they last, a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonna, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.



These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

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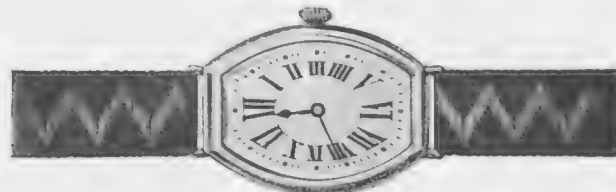
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WOMAN'S WAYS

"All Souls' Day." It would have been a noble tribute to those fallen in this war—most of them so incredibly young so chivalrously brave, so ardently loyal—if we great civilised Christian nations—and the Germans—could have arranged a twenty-four hours' armistice on Nov. 2 to ponder over the fate of our youth. Here in England, by the sudden call to us to provide a huge Army for an unanticipated war, we have had to sacrifice a generation of young, educated men while we consolidated our resources and trained every youth we could obtain for service in the Army. The Universities emptied themselves in August 1914, and have merely served as training-places or camps ever since. At Oxford, they say, there are American "Rhodes scholars" and Indians—the rest are at the wars. Undergraduates (who should by rights be "ragging" over the roofs of the "High" or playing football in the "Parks") are lying in portentous numbers under a few feet of soil in the tragic land of Northern France. A pilgrimage over there on "All Souls' Day," to lay a chaplet of English violets on every last resting-place possible, would have been a tribute and an inspiration. I once went to the great battlefield of Sadowa, in Bohemia, a victory won by the Prussians against the Austrians in 1866. The spectacle of those twenty miles of monuments to the fallen, even forty years after, was extraordinarily poignant. What will Picardy and the Somme be like, I wonder, in 1956?

"Do It Now." In one of Mr. Wells's novels there is an entertaining description of a vegetarian (or was it fruitarian?) *cénacle*, at which butter-nut sandwiches and much earnest conversation were indulged in, while over the mantelpiece was the legend, in hammered copper, "Do It Now." One wonders why the beginning of the inevitable Channel Tunnel should not be at once put in hand. It would be among the ironies of history if we could employ the thirty thousand German prisoners we now entertain on these shores to make a beginning of this great and necessary link with France. The Boches, indeed, might be set to work, on both sides of the Channel, to bring London within a five hours' railway run of Paris. Moreover, to begin such an enterprise would be an earnest of plenty of work for the unemployed on the conclusion of peace. Very soon we should have as many French travellers on business or pleasure as there used to be Britons in Paris. Already the railway companies are preparing for the coming French invasion, and on the Great Western, station-masters, inspectors, and guards are learning the French tongue with zeal.

Man and His Hat. There is nothing that I envy Man more than his will-power with regard to fashion. If he really disapproves of a thing, he discards it for ever; while all civilised women are at the mercy of whatever monstrous caprice may be evolved in the Rue de la Paix. The top-hat is a case in point. Men wore it tamely, from eight o'clock in the morning, for nearly a hundred years. They even played cricket in "toppers" in early Victorian times. Yet of a sudden it fell into disfavour, and was discarded for the soft felt hat; and it is never now brought into the light of day except as part of a ritual, donned for those devastating and awe-inspiring ceremonies, weddings and funerals. The cylinder, however, was largely superseded by the ignoble "bowler," a form of head-gear at which angels might be expected to weep. When Man has finally disposed of his hard round hat and evolved something more attractive, we may then consider him as the perfect flower of civilisation.

ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

SOCIETY GOSSIP

LORD SELBORNE'S series of sermons in St. Martin's Trafalgar Square, helps to make that place of worship attractive to the indifferent. An enterprising church, it keeps strange hours, so that one can enter it when all other buildings are obeying the bye-laws, and in so far as its steps are concerned, it is more used than any half-dozen other London places of worship put together. All day long people cut across them, wondering whether it would not have been quicker to stick to the pavement. So much for *their* church-going!

The Mysteries. Lord Selborne alluded to the small religion and less prayers of one type of soldier. The chaplains, he said, often find that men professing Christianity know nothing beyond the Lord's Prayer, "and then do not understand what it means." It would be interesting to hear which passage they find most obscure. Be language ever so simple, it offers some opening to the simple-minded for a misunderstanding. I know of a little girl who for several years said, in the course of her daily prayer, "blessed art thou a monk swimming" instead of "amongst women." She did not know what it meant, but accepted it in good faith, and did her best to square it with her dogma.

To-morrow will be Fry-day! The time is ripe, they say,

for Cubist carpets and the queer-painted chairs and tables produced by Roger Fry and the lesser Post-Imps. of his Fitzroy-Square workshops. So many people are still visiting the Leicester Galleries that the Nevinson exhibition has been kept open beyond its time. Charming as the Arts and Crafts things (remnants of the Morris movement) are, they seem a little flat after the strangely stimulating designs (if they can be so described) that Roger Fry plasters and splashes over cushions, table-tops, frocks, lamp-shades, and walls—designs that rattle like machine-guns and point in all directions like bayonets in a scrap. By some odd prophetic chance, Mr. Roger Fry hit on a really warlike convention a year or two before any of us knew what war was like; and now he is coming into his own.

The Tubists. Last week a number of people were invited to see his new room, one that promises to be more modern in spirit than Lady Drogheda's, or Lady Hamilton's, or Miss Viola Tree's. One gets to it by way of a wonderful lift made from an old Sedan chair, in Berkeley Street, and the decoration represents

a Tube station (why not the Tubists, instead of the Cubists?), and scraps of paper-boys and the limbs of ladies. "Verdun" shout the news-boys, and the word serves as a keynote to the whole thing. It is a word of war—the last word in modern war, and significant enough in itself to inspire a whole school of terrific poetry or devastating—what shall we say?—footstools and finger-bowls.

And It Came. All the possible consolations have reached Mrs. La Touche Congreve since the death of her husband at the front. In the first place, there is the memory of his own spirit as a soldier, then came the reports of his splendid demeanour from those who had seen him give battle. "Young, almost boyish in appearance, he possessed qualities generally found only in men of much riper years," wrote his Divisional Commander. "He was unsurpassed in bravery. Under his modesty and gentleness he possessed great strength of character. . . . He was beloved of all ranks." And last week came the Victoria Cross—the Victoria Cross that so many of his friends felt sure he would bring one day to his wife.



FROM EGYPT TO ENGLAND: SIR RONALD GRAHAM, K.C.M.G., C.D., AND LADY GRAHAM.

Sir Ronald Graham, who was appointed Adviser to the Minister of the Interior in Egypt in 1910, left Cairo recently, to the regret of the many friends he had made there. He has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the British Foreign Office. Lady Graham is on her way to England upon Sir Ronald's appointment. She was a great favourite in Society, and took much interest in the philanthropic institutions in Egypt. The Sultan has conferred upon her a high Order in recognition of her valuable work.—[Photographs by Topical.]



Don't Forget the Navy

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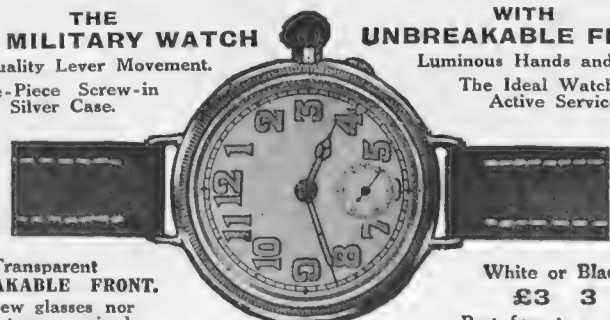
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE FUEL PROBLEM: "EXPERIENTIA DOCET": A YARN OF A SPEED-LIMIT.

Heavy Fuel v. Light.

Now that all the cry for petrol "substitutes" has settled down, it is possible to review the situation calmly, so far as concerns the suitability of adulterants generally as compared with ordinary petrol. My own experience of several brands of "substitute" has but confirmed, though to my sorrow, my original expectations—in other words, the use of heavier types of fuel, in varying degrees of blending with pure spirit, is mainly a question of the type of engine employed. With American engines of the "low-efficiency" class, or any other engine that approximates thereto, they may be made to serve up to a point; but with the characteristically British type of motor, with a small bore and long stroke, the less one has to do with them the better. Nothing but petrol, and the best quality of petrol, should be used in high-speed engines, save from sheer necessity; and I was afraid that this would prove to be the case simply from the fact that in my own car I have always found an appreciable difference even between first and second grade petrol respectively. It so happens that I have had to use a good deal more of the latter than I like, because when on military duty I am served out with "No. 2" spirit.

A Final Proof. There have been times when I may have wondered whether the petrol was alone to blame for undesirable symptoms, but I have just settled the matter once for all, and in this way. I drove the car to the Midlands, and left it for a week to be overhauled. When I took delivery and drove Londonwards, I found the engine running with delicious sweetness and without the slightest knock even when the ignition was fully advanced. This was on first-quality spirit. On the following day I went into the motor-house and started up at the first touch of the self-starting pedal, without even flooding the carburetter. In two moments I had backed the car out and was on my way rejoicing. Not long afterwards, however, I had a call for military duty, and went to collect my petrol for the job from the official depot. As the engine was in prime condition, I could safely attribute any change in running to the "No. 2" spirit. The difference was extraordinary. I had to be working the ignition lever throughout the whole day, retarding at the slightest provocation both in traffic and on hills. Of course, if I had had a long, straightaway run at speed, and got the engine pretty warm, it would have been more elastic; but on military work one usually does a good deal of starting and stopping.

The Starting Difficulty.

Next morning there was a little petrol left in the tank, and I was merely going out for a couple of miles, so I did not stop to fill up with my "No. 1" spirit. From experience, I knew that it was necessary to flood the carburetter, and also to pull round the slide with which my "Smith 4-jet" is conveniently fitted, and so close the air-vents. Even then the engine did not start at the first depression of the pedal. But what I found so annoying, as on previous occasions, was the fact that I could not get the car out of the motor-house until the engine was warm. To put in the first speed or reverse gear, of course one must throttle down; but the engine at once stopped, and if I advanced the throttle lever sufficiently to prevent this, it was impossible to get into gear. Apart, therefore, from differences on the road, the use of "No. 2" spirit, with a well-cooled, high-speed engine like my own, involves a five minutes' wait before even getting going. Now the difference between first and second grades of petrol is less marked than between petrol and a blend with a white-oil substitute; hence it is obvious that on certain types of engine the use of heavy fuel is attended with inconvenience, if nothing worse. And now that cold weather has set in, the issue is more important than in the summer months.



A LITTLE ACCIDENT TO THE MOTOR TRANSPORT: ON A MACEDONIAN "ROAD" WHICH HAS GIVEN WAY.
French Official Photograph.

of ten-miles-an-hour speed-limits, the ordinary law being strong enough in itself. I note, however, that a ten-miles limit has been suggested for the well-known village of Liphook, on the Portsmouth Road, but that the Hants County Council has decided not to make application to the Local Government Board, preferring to leave the matter to the police under the furious-driving clause of the Motor

The Tale of a Speed-Limit.

Not much is heard nowadays of applications for the imposition of ten-miles-an-hour speed-limits, the ordinary law being strong enough in itself. I note, however, that a ten-miles limit has been suggested for the well-known village of Liphook, on the Portsmouth Road, but that the Hants County Council has decided not to make application to the Local Government Board, preferring to leave the matter to the police under the furious-driving clause of the Motor Car Act. Motorists who pass through Liphook must therefore behave with special consideration. The case reminds me of an amusing incident which I learned the other day from a non-motoring friend. He lives in a riverside village with a narrow main street and a kink at the very point where his house stands. Some time ago, he told me, the local council was very anxious to obtain a ten-miles limit for the village, and



AFTER HEAVY RAIN IN THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: TROUBLE.
Official Photograph.

came to him for evidence in support of their case, as his house stood at the most dangerous spot. He replied that he was quite willing to see the limit imposed; but, although he had occupied the house for fourteen years, he had never seen a single accident, and was afraid, therefore, that his testimony would not help. The limit was not applied for!



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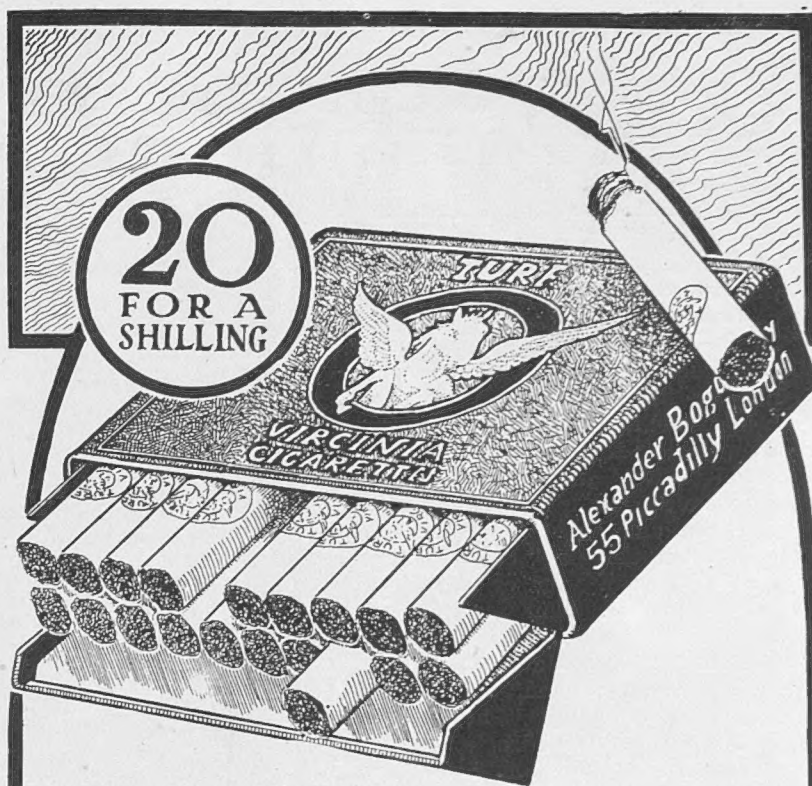
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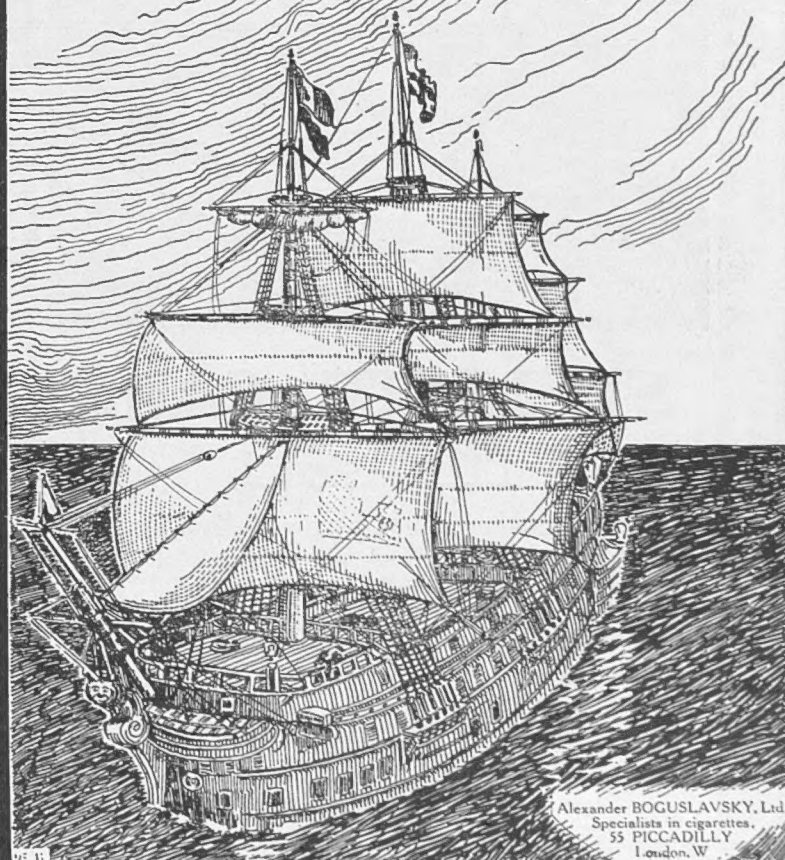
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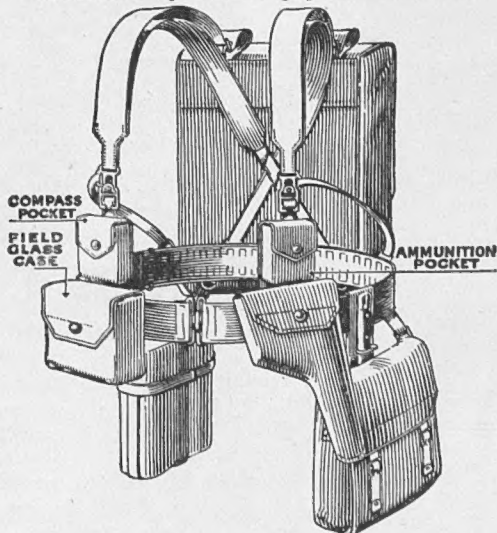


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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THIS AND THAT" had favourable notices when it appeared at the Comedy Theatre in the autumn, and yet it failed to please. I wonder why?

What is the reason for the success of some revues and failure of others? In particular cases one can answer the question, it being easier, however, to explain the successes than the failures—perhaps there is a kind of covert bull in the last sentence. In the case of an "obstinate" success, one can imagine a revue running on like "The Brook," changes being made and novelties introduced from time to time till no more of the original existed than of the Irishman's pair of often-mended boots. In place of "This and That" we had a new edition of "Samples," originally presented about a year or so ago at the Playhouse. How far the new edition is novel goodness knows, but not I—if goodness visits such entertainments; and, if goodness does visit "Samples," he, or she, or it, may be startled by a song entitled "Let Me Be Your Sweetheart for To-Night." Of course, you may accept the idea involved in the title as of quite a Y.M.C.A. character, but you may not; and it would seem more—more discreet to change "to-night" into "to-day" or "this afternoon." There have been many changes of cast, but the Terry Twins remain and perform their boxing "specialty," and the audience seemed delighted to watch them hitting one another pretty hard without there being any pretence of a contest. Of the newcomers, the most attractive is Miss Edith Drayson, who sang and acted pleasantly; and

Wania danced skilfully—I rather think he was in the original company, but do not pretend to remember what was in an individual revue nearly a year ago. Miss Winifred Roma and Mr. Billy Bass won a good deal of applause.

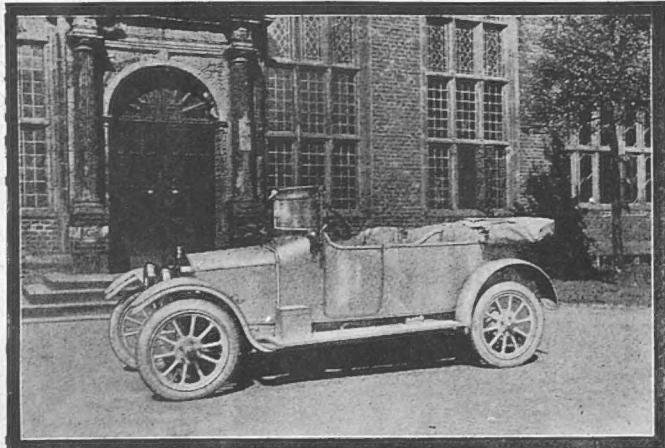


AN INTERESTING SNAPSHOT FROM CO. WICKLOW: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS MONCK.

Viscount Monck, who is Vice-President of the City and County of Dublin Recruiting Committee, served in the Egyptian and Suakim campaigns. Viscountess Monck has, since the commencement of the war, devoted a great deal of her time to various forms of war work. Their only son, Captain the Hon. Charles Monck, Coldstream Guards, was killed in action early in the war. The present heir to the title is the late Hon. Charles Monck's son, born in 1905.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

Of the countless works of benevolence in connection with the war, none has commanded more sympathy than the Star and Garter Home on Richmond Hill, in which Queen Mary takes so keen an interest. In aid of the Overseas Fund of the Home, a "Good Luck" fair will be held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday, Nov. 7, from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m., when there will be a variety entertainment, in which a long list of popular actors, actresses, and entertainers will appear; and, in addition, there will be stalls where all sorts of tempting wares will be sold, and many other attractions. Tickets cost 8s. 6d., and can be obtained at 21, Old Bond Street, the Hotel Cecil, or of Mrs. C. H. Campbell, 2, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge; or admission after 6.15 costs only 2s. 6d.

Colonel Lord Burnham, Alderman Sir Horace Marshall, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Acland, and Mr. William C. Parsons, President and Trustees of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, 15-16, Farringdon Street, E.C., owing to the widespread bereavement caused by the war, announce that the yearly festival will be discontinued. This will reduce the funds, and they trust that the public, who owe so much to the indefatigable labours of the news trade, will help the Institution to "carry on" by sending contributions. We feel sure that many *Sketch* readers will respond to the appeal, to which we very gladly give publicity.



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Vermilion Box."

By E. V. LUCAS.
(Methuen.)

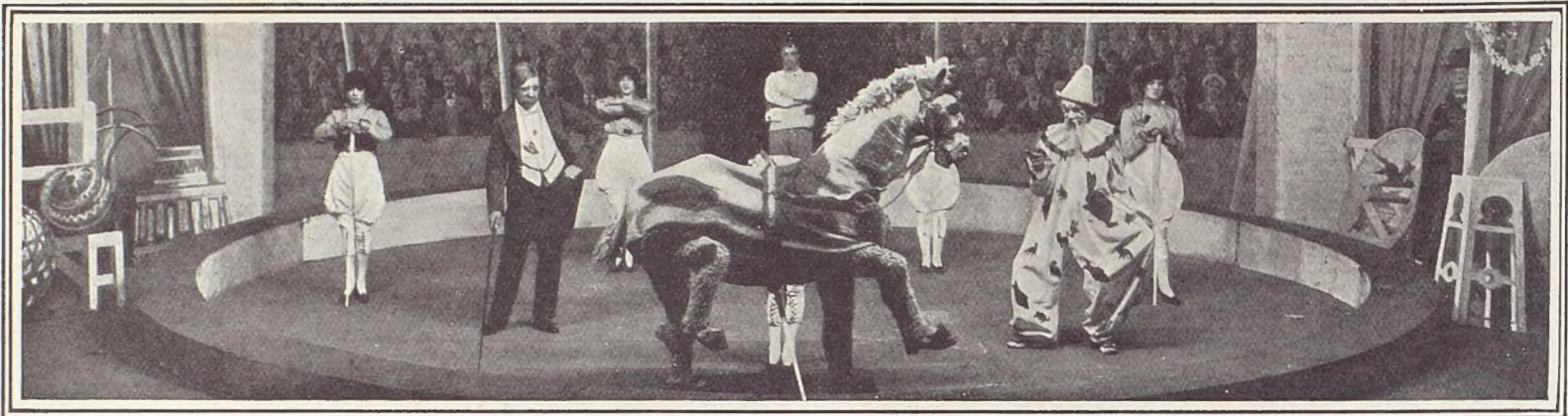
These Zeppelin nights, when all lights are lowered but the stars through which the Zeppelins ride, the vermilion box has changed to a deathly pallor, where the vermilion shows only in a band of hectic colour; but for this collection of letters intercepted by Mr. Lucas, letters full of the war, passing between an English circle, it remains an excellent title. Here are mothers mothering sons, young men and maidens courting, wounded heroes comforting their wives from hospital, kindly, uncle-like gentlemen philosophising. Mr. Lucas weaves a garland of the

gently across the pleasant country, for once well banked up, set to water and decorated, but never permitted to flood. We must all now settle down to read war in addition to talking it. When we wish to read because we are tired—in need, not of sleep, but of a bright companionableness—"The Vermilion Box" will be good to dip into.

"The Created Legend."

By FEDOR SOLOGUB.
(Martin Secker.)

The proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction" argues a poor invention. To the average Englishman nothing will be stranger than the truth about Russia which Sologub drops in the course of his present story—than the fiction about the murder committed by his hero. Not that it



"HORACE THE 'ORSE," AT THE OXFORD: THE COMPOSITE BROTHERS SHANKS IN THE OXFORD REVUE, "BACK TO BLIGHTY."

An amusing scene in "Back to Blighty," the revue at the Oxford, is a circus in which Mr. Harold Montague makes a redoubtable ring-master, and the Brothers Shanks unite in a horse with very uncommon points.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]

lighter gossip around the war, such as floats across the nicely laid dinner-tables of Hampstead and Kensington: the wittier postcards it has evoked, the piquant trench ditty, the humours of a legend, a passport, or a Belgian refugee. He has selected a group of mental temperaments who each take the great war up to the limits of their several capacities—their limits being very much those of ourselves and our friends; and out of their fountain-pens, as they sat at a bureau, an office desk, or in the dug-out, pad on knee, he has justified them. The well-known, much-tapped stream of sentiment meanders

was actual murder. The intense and imaginative poet had to kill a spy and an enemy of Russian freedom. So he injected something till his victim shrank small enough—in perfect proportion—to carry home in a convenient bundle; he was then immersed in a bath of the same fluid till he reached nine inches only, and the poet, wrapping about him some plastic material, formed him into a compact cube and put it on his writing-table. "And thus," Sologub laconically comments, "a thing that once had been a man remained there a thing among other things." Life lay dormant in that solid

(Continued overleaf.)

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